OUR CIVILIZATION

POLICEMAN'S

ANARCHIST

THE BULLET

Fielden

MAP OF THE LOCATION

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1887.

PRICE ONE CENT.

HANGED

Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer Die on the Gallows.

How the Condemned Anarchists Met Their Fate.

Mrs. Parsons Called Too Late to See Her Husband.

All of the Men Slept Fairly Well Last Night.

Every Precaution Against a Mob Taken at the Jail.

Soldiers and Policemen Ready to Defend the City.

Great Danger from the Funeral on Sunday.

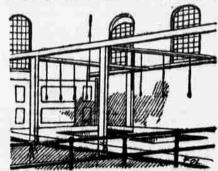
Will the Authorities Not Bury the Bodies To-Day?

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] CHICAGO, Nov. 11,-The condemned Anarchists Spies, Parsons, Engel and Pischer expiated their orrible crime on the gallows this morning.

At midnight I went to the jail. The telephone bell rang sharply and the face of the man who word that State Attorney Grinnell had been reported thot. He burriedly told the rest and instantly scouts were sent to ascertain the truth. The office of the jail was rife with the mingling of many volces and the restless burrying to and fro of memengers and busy reporters. Deputy sheriffs loiled back in easy chairs and beguiled the long hours with a

Within the jail proper all was quiet. Hagel was

staring straight upward, for to visit them. He had blood are limited in their capacity for suffering, but the spirit knows no such mercy of fate. When the nerves have been strained for



THE GALLOWS. some time to their utmost, the sense of pain van ishes and a dulness comes which by contrast is a pleasure. The man dying of cold soon ceases to shiver and fancies he is warm and comfortable. I have seen a poor victim of a boiler explosion, face, chest, arms and body stripped of skin as the hand may be stripped of a glove, and yet he lay smiling upon his cot declaring he felt no pain. But the mind-how that may be racked and scourged, with no respite to come; the tormented sont writhing, struggling, praying, shricking, all in vain. No balm for that, no escape, no staying of the hand laid so heavily upon it; no stealing of an opiate calm to leasen the anguish. How maddeningly slow and yet how craelly swift the hours whose invisible fingers are pushing the murderer to the scaffold, the rope and the trap; the sleepy but remorseless clock swings its grim weight, whose every beat robs him of his meagre store of remaining time. He counts the seconds: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine-how long it takes to check off ten, and yet the ten have gone forever, foreverand yet another ten while the swift thought is passing tick-tack, tick-tack; the low sound beats like a trip-hammer, like a knell, like the clods upon a coffin. He stops his cars with his fingers, but cannot shut out the sound, for now the heart trips to the same horrid measures and is recording its own stops.

Death ! Inevitable death ! Death as sure as the sun 'shall rise, and death is ignominy upon a gibbet. No escape, no help, no mercy, no reprieve-nothing but to wait till the pleasure of the officers, and then, in perfect nealth, in strength and soundness, best fitted to live and not at all fitted to die, to be bound hand and foot, to be robbed of the sight of earth forever, to feel the stifling black cap enviously cheating the lungs of their last gasp of God's free air, and then-

The chief terror of such a death is in the knowledge of the hour it must. To him who is doomed by disease the end is uncertain, clusive. . Hope, the rainbow of life, spreads her gaudy promise

pon the threshold of the grave. Then, when the end is surely at hand, the p our body is impoverished of its desire to live, the lamp is low, the intelligence feeble the power of the mind to appreciate the grim visitor approaching is lessened, and by easy stages dear, kind nature leads the sufferer late the grim visitor. sufferer into unconsciousness, and then the way is painless and easy. But to know the hour and know it must come without fail; to know that no skill of a physician, no purchase of gold, no inter-cession of friends, no plea, argument, or trick of counsel, no exercise of strength, no right of a citi-zes or power of a government will step between; and yet to feel the lusty vigor of man-hood in each strong limb and the tides of health coursing through the veius, every faculty in open rebellion against the menace of death; to spread the arms in all the pride of strength and know that in so many hours and so many minutes, with nothing to interfere, is com-

ing the summons which none may disobey.

And then the past! How thick the memories throng to pay their last homage to their sovereign, the brain. Sweet and bitter, pain and pleasure, all that whisper of hope and ambition and love and come; all that can matter of despair and hatred and suffering. Come the crowding gray monks from their long-locked colls, measengers of What Has Been to what Is, Morituri Salutamus! The life that has been spent arises from its grave and comes before the life yet lingering upon the threshold, and sadly shows all that she has garnered, all of sorrow and sin or pain or passion. And then the crime. How flashed that livid face from the solid darkness! How stare those dying eyes from the wall! And now the very air is toy with terror at that shrick of agony which none but the contemned wretch hears, may hear again and again, The deeds of the transgression for which he must die are passed in review; from the first to the final tragedy the grisly drama is enacted. Then the long trial, the whiri of contending hope and fear, the heavy blow struck by the verdict, the dull half comprehension of what the sentence means, the long delay, the revival of hope only to be dashed down again, the supreme appeal, the final decision and the awful certainty at last, with not a day between it and the hour ap-

Now, what wonder that the tortured mind seeks a pleasure in contemplating the agonies its own crime inflicted and in brutal wantonness repeats hem again and again. How the murderer in his own hell of torments loves to recollect that he made flesh quiver and hearts sohe and souls suffer all that hopelessness and despair have brought to himself. His fellow-man is now not a brother, a stor and friend, but an executioner, and he

THE DEMEAOR OF THE FOUR MEN. What of these thoughts passed through the minds of the four condemned Reds only their God might know. Their demeanor was that of most criminais, cool, indifferent, or sullenly resigned. I have seen many criminals on their last night of life, and in but one, Mrs. Druse, have I seen much nervousness or apprehension, and much of that in her case was due, I think, to the mistaken kindness of a deputy, who gave her renewed hope that the Governor would pardon her. The mind dwalling long on one subject becomes dulled to it, ike the often-struck key of a plane which finally

The death watches were guarding each. The cell loors were open and one of the watch was watchng while the other paced his vigil without. Not a notion, not a sound cluded these keen-eyed sentichested of its due.

Fisher and Engel slept most of the time. Spies grote a while, then threw herself on his bed face lown. Then he began chatting with his guard. He discussed caimly enough the Harmarket tragedy, and said the authorities and the police were alone to biame. He spoke of the visit made by the Rev. Mr. Bolton and laughed as he recalled his advice to the reverend gentlemen to go hom and not bother himself with prayers in so useless

PARSONS SINGS "ANNIE LAURIE." Parsons was restless too, but outwardly calm. voice hardly above a whisper. He said he was willing to be immolated in the cause and had noth-

Sples tried to sleep. At 2 o'clock he got up and ighted a cigar, which he puffed in moody silence. Then he went back to bed and closed his eyes, but t was evident he did not sleep. Parsons slept a little, but at 4 o'clock he stirred uneasily and then rubbed his eyes, stared wonderingly at his deathratch as though he had forgotten, recollected ilmself with a start and composed himself again.

INTERRSTING TO PRYCHOLOGISTS. These details are trifling, but of interest to the sychologist, who is thus able to see the state, payscal and mental, of the condemned.

Certainly a nervous man would have much exsuse for wakefulness in the hum of conversation and the bustle in the jaller's office, not thirty feet away, where deputies and reporters, messengers



and police, were chatting and working like a hive of

bees, coming and going. At 4.50 a deputy, who was watching for such trifles to tell me, called my attention to Engel's muttering (in his sleep. The few words which werefeaught were those of endearment, as though his dreams were of once happy and long ago days

before these troubles came. ENGEL PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE. Engel declared to-night that he was not at the flaymarket and knew nothing of the bomb's deadly work until the following day. This does not lessen Engel's guilt, however. He was foreman of the Arbeiter Zeitung. He had the revenge circular printed and he told the foreman of the press-room to harry up for he wanted enough to distribute in market.

TELEGRAMS FOR SPIES AND PARSONS. At 5. 16 a. M. the messenger brought two telegrams, one for Spies and one for Parsons. Sheriff Matson received and kept them until their owners should awake. Fischer was now awake and smoking a cigar.

The others were saleep.

VIRWING LINGU'S BODY.

on the pallet were the blankets and pillows satuwith ice, lay the head malefactor himself. The body was naked. It was symmetrical and had the lines of great strength. The work of the explosive was horribly clear in that upturned mass of raw flesh, with nothing human in it but two wildly staring eyes. The body will lie there until claime:

for the grave with the others to-day.

THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH. Next the deputy led me through a labyrinth of narrow passages, occluded by wrought-tron doors, to the main hall of the prison, at the end of which stood the instrument of death. Its construction is simple, its frame gaunt and stiff, its color a dark red brown, as of long-dried blood. Two narrow trusses seven feet high are its support. They bear up a platform 10 feet long by 9 wide. the outer half of which swings down on hinges, This half is to be supported by a rope. Behind is a wooden screen, painted like the rest, and behind this is to be concealed the hangman. When the signal is given he will out the rope and the trap will fall with its freight. The beam is a simple crosspiece on two stout uprights with braces at the ends. Into its lower edge, two feet apart, are stout bolt; of wrought iron, and the fatal ropes dangle from these. These are half-inch manils, selected with great care. Two 100-pound page have been attached to each and dropped several times to test their strength. These bags were still gripped by

A TERRIBLE NECESSITY.

The apparatus to be used in this execution is called here the new scaffold, but three men have already suffered death upon it. There in the dim light it stood awaiting its prey, dark and grim—a terrible necessity, and yet an en

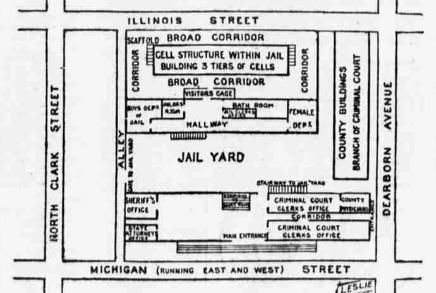
SLEEPING THEIR LAST SLEEP. 5.50 A. M.—Darkness still reigns, and comparative silence has settled upon the jail. The condemned men are sil saleep. Engel and Fischer are soundly so, as their steriorous breathing attests. Parsons stirs nervously from time to time, and

Spies is so still that it is evident he is but dozing. ALL COMERS CHALLENGED. The court building adjoining is barricaded, and wo officers with loaded muskets guard the iron loor and challenge all comers. There are two ompanies of police on guard in and about the building. All are armed with musket and revolver, and all ready to use them if

mergency arise. Just as soon as the city stirs reinforcements will rrive on the ground, and still larger forces will be ready to concentrate upon the signal at such point where danger may threaten. Any attempt at rescue would be a bloody one, but it is extremely mprobable any such attempt will be made.

THE DANGER OF A PUBLIC PUNERAL. The greatest danger will come if the authorities allow the proposed public funeral of the "martyrs" on Sunday. The attendance would be immense and the feeling high, and if a collision is to come it may be looked for then. It is to be hoped that by insisting upon immediate burial to-day this danger may be averted. It certainly would be a

BROSL RESIGNED TO HIS PATE. The death watch has just been relieved. They report the four sleeping soundly, not having so far



hour ago: "I am perfectly resigned to my fate. I like a ghost through the bars, and making the gas am a martyr and my cruel death will be good for the cause. I could not be of so much service to Anarchy living as by dying thus. This is a view which a clipping from a newspaper gave me, and

since I read it, I have not feared to die. MURDERER'S BOW.

Spies, while smoking his cigar at 2 o'clock, said aughingly to the guard: "Hoys, you will see me march up just as frin as I am now. "

MRS. PARSONS CALLED TOO LATE. will have nothing to do with priests. When told late at night that his wife had called too late to be admitted to take farewell, he shrugged his shoul-

ders and made no reply. Six o'clock A. M. -The gray light of the last

evinced any pervousness or fear. Engel said an I hours of the four felons' lives in fast stealing

Sames burn with unnatural pallor. The great city is awakening, and the hum of her thousands of busy wheels has arisen. A new influx of correspondents has relieved, the hollow-eyed, whose vigil has lasted until now, and the clatter up and down the iron steps of scurrying messengers in-creases each minute. The day has fairly begun, with its certainty of some horrors and its uncertainty of possible others.

Within the visitors' cage and immediately in front of Spies's cell two little telegraph instruments have set up their brazen chatter, busily hurrying the bulletins East and West, North and South, the country over.

The telephone is buzzing every half minute. Anxions inquiries have poured in to know if Spice has confessed, if Engel has blown himself up, if Parsons has cut his throat, if the jail has been attacked; and one crank merely wished to know If the condemned men had been baptized. Several despatches were brought at once by a small, vigorous boy, insisting that the Sheriff must not hang the men to-day at all.

READY FOR THE EXECUTION. The last touches have been given to the gallows,

the sand bags have been removed and the nooses tested and found to be in running order. The trap is now set in position, and the axe to cut the rope is behind the screen. The procession of death will have to mount to the first gallery, which is on a level with a trap, and walk about 120 feet around the two angles, for the gallows is diagonally behind the cells the men now occupy. Parsons talked at great length about religion, in The removal of the prisoners on that side of the which he does not telleve. He is an Agnostic, and jall has already begun, one at a time and quietly. Engel is awake now, but the rest are sleeping.

Peering up at the suilen sky through the grated

windows, Engel shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "It is too had we cannot have good

ANARCHISM IN CHICAGO.

going in to adjust the drop which will be four

Where the Bomb-Throwers Met and Perfected Plans for Murder.

The headquarters of the Chicago Anarchists was a mouldy hall over a wretched little liquor dive at No. 54 West Lake street. Night after night the little bands of would-be wreckers of the existing social fabric met in this dingy hole, deliberated, planned, issued their incendiary circulars and did other devilish things in fumes of amoke and with the stimulating and firing aid of liquor. Here it was that in February, 1885, it was decided to faunt the red flag of the Commune their symbol of "equality, fraternity or death "at the head of a procession of Anarchists who should march to the scene of the opening of the new building of the Chicago Board of Trade while the inaugural festivities were in progress and thus impress the assembled guests with their strength. Six hundred rumans of both sexes and every nationality, except the American, shuffled through the streets behind a crazy brass band to a point close by the building. There they were stopped by a line of policemen. They attempted to press through, but at the ominous click of a hundred revolvers in the hands of the disciplined policementhey broke and fied in all directions, the noise of the conflict having brought to the windows of the new building gentlemen and ladies dressed in all the gorgeousness of the great occasion, who looked out on the scene in terror.

On the following Thanksgiving Day 1,000 of these accurated specimens of thinking beasts—bad men and far, far worse women—gathered again under the blood-red flag and marched up and down the city streets, hooting and cursing as they went, to show Frestient Cleveland, by way of answer to the relaxation, that there existed, at least, one class of thankless people in the community. should march to the scene of the opening of the



CAPT. MICHAEL J. SCHAAK.

Parsons's paper, the Alarm, said on Oct. 18, 1885, in significant italics:

"One man armed with a dynamite bomb is equal to a regulect of militia, when it is used at the right time and place. Anarchisis are of the opinion that the bayonet and Gathing our will cut but a source part in the social repeatation."

The same paper on Nov. 1: "How can all this be done! Simply by making ourselves masters of the use or dynamite, then declaring we will make no further claim to occurrably in anything, and deny every other persons right to be the owner of everything, and administer instant death, by any and all means, to any and every person who all every persons and every person and every persons and continued.

DYNAMITE IS THE STUPP.

rich loarers who live by the most of other peop brows, and tight the fuse. A most cheerful of gratifying remail will follow. A post of this good stuff beats a bushel of bailots hotion, and don't you forget it?! April 18, two weeks before the Haymers "The moment the abolition of a governmen suggested the mind pictures the uprising of a h dred little despotte governments on every has quarreling among themselves and domineer over the unorganized becole. This fact suggests

to bus rifles, to buy pistois; and, if they couldn't bus pistois, they could buy sufficient dynamits for termity-fic cents to blow up a building the size of the Uliman Building, and pointed to it. In June, 1885, the Arbeiter Zeitung, quoting a speech made the night before by Michael Schwab,

speech made the night before by Michael Schwah, says:

"Because we know that the ruling class will never make any concessions, therefore we have, once for all, severed our connection with it and made all preparations for a revolution by froc."

On Feb. 15, 1886, Schwab said: "We greet the London riots as the announcement of the near approach of the social revolution."

At a meeting on the lake front, April 26, 1886, a week before the Haymarket meeting, Schwab said: "Everywhere police and murderen are employed to grind down workingmen. For every workingman who has died through the pisted of a decay sheriff ist ten of these executioners Inil."

August Spies, at a meeting held Oct. 11, 1886, introduced a series of resolutions in regard to the cinth our movement to be inaugurated may 1, 1886, which contained the following:

Pinkertons, the Donos and the state of the it

Resolved. That we urge upon all wage-workers the necessity of procuring arms before the inauguration of the proposed eight-hour strike, in order to be in a position of meeting our foe with his own argument—force.

WHAT ONE OF THE COMMUTERS SAID.

what one of the commuters said.

Sam Fleiden's mouth was also bust. At a meeting in March, 1855, he said jocosely: "A few explosions in the city of Chicago would help the cause," and added: "We ought to commence by blowing up the Bourd of Trade." In June he said in a speech: "You mass organize. Every one of you must learn the use of dynamite, for that is the power with which we hope to gain human rights." In the fall he said: "The existing order of society should be destroyed—annihilated." In December he said: "I hope to see a few Liskas the man who murgered the chief of polices of Frankfort, and was hanged for it) in the United States soon to put out of the way a few of the tools of capital."

Fleiden, on March 12, 1886, made a speech very near the flaymarket, and said: "We are told that we must attain our ends and aims by obeying law and order. Damn law and order! We have obeyed law and order long enough. The time has conce for you, men, to strangie the law or the isw will strangle you."

obeyed law and order long enough. The time has come for you, men, to strangie the law or the law will strangle you."

Engel, in February, 1886, at No. 768 Milwankee svenue, said: "Every man wants to foin us to stream of the law of

THE TIME TO STRIKE.

The freight-handlers on all the Chicago roads, the furniture and wood-workers, the tumbermen, bricklayers, stonemasons, tailors and workers in